

ON THE BROAD OHIO

Delightful Trip Over the Expan-
sive Bosom of the River.

VISITS TO TOWNS ON THE WAY

Childhood Days Recalled by the Pass-
ing Panorama—Interesting His-
torical Reminiscences.

(LETTER NO. 1.)

A delightful trip up and down the
Monongahela river.

We boarded the steamer James G. Blaine for a delightful trip on that historic river; historic in name, but more particularly so in another, because on its banks was born the great and honored statesman, James G. Blaine. Pleasant and beautiful to the eye and enduring to the mind are the graceful draperies of land, whose ministries of health and happiness lead to the quiet inhabitants along its banks that which means more than wealth.

Our lookout from the pilot house on one bright afternoon as we rounded a bend which brought us within sight of what is called West Brownsville and the old browned red house in which our late republican secretary of state was born, became the scene of a solemn reverence. The boat, the statesman's namesake, slowed up in order that the captain might better be able to explain the old-time history connected with the house and its former inhabitants. The old substantial mansion stands in a retired spot, and is at present used as a common boarding house for miners and river men.

East Brownsville.

On the right hand of the river going up, and nearly opposite the house in which Mr. Blaine was born, stands a small town which they call East Brownsville. Encompassed in a delightful line of grove on a beautiful eminence which slopes down toward the river bank, stands a modest, strong, characteristic monument which James G. Blaine had erected but a few years ago, and under which rest the remains of his beloved mother. This was a tribute of reverential and parental love and respect. The grave had been unmarked until of late, for various reasons explained by our captain. One was that Mr. Blaine had always intended to remove his mother to a place where they might all rest together. The scene evoked an interest in the hearts and minds of the passengers who were then on board. Young and old, grave and gay, seemed to unite with each other in sympathetic, reverential manifestations. We passed up among fine woods, hills, farms and mines to the head of the Monongahela river navigation, then returned to Pittsburgh where we remained a week visiting among the iron, steel, glass, porcelain and other magnificent manufacturing interests and of educational value. Then a trip of considerable interest was taken into the great Allegheny mountains. But to speak of this at length, so as to make it useful and interesting, would take time and space, so we leave it for the present.

Three Great Rivers.

The three noted rivers, Allegheny, Monongahela and Ohio, form a conjunction at Pittsburgh, from where they flow in one in a southwesterly direction to Pomeroy, three miles above the Great Kanawha river of West Virginia, and 251 miles below Pittsburgh. From Pomeroy the river takes a northwesterly course to Cincinnati. These two great cities are about 500 miles apart by river course, they are on a direct line east and west over land, which shortens the distance very much.

This trip is a most delightful one, and to those who have made the trip it needs no description. To those who have never made the trip, but anticipate making it some day, we will simply say that in all this land traverse it as you will, no stretch of country or water travel of this length contains more varied, pleasing scenery to delight the eye than does this 500 miles, which stretch between these two great cities, the Iron and the Queen of the West. This portion of the Ohio may be compared in scenery with the Upper Mississippi, from its head down to below Rock Island.

For the benefit of those who have not made the trip, particularly school children in who are studying the geography of river navigation, and cities of the country, we will submit a short sketch of the great river and its tributaries.

Leaving the Monongahela wharf at Pittsburgh on the steamer Fashion on one afternoon about 5 o'clock we rounded out into the stream, and in a few moments we passed under the three rivers, "Point bridge," and the broadening water tells us, if we did not remember from our school day geography, that here it is that the Ohio, so well named for the old French settlers "La Belle Riviere," is born and begins its onward march to join the father of waters at Cairo, a thousand miles away. The first object that greets the eye is that magnificent "iron" built by the Keystone state for the entertainment of its thoughtless or wayward sons and daughters, the western penitentiary of Pennsylvania—a truly magnificent structure, but a grim reminder of that here the acts of the wicked will be rewarded and that it pays one to be good.

Davis Island Dam.

Next comes the celebrated Davis Island dam, which was built by the general government for the benefit of Pittsburgh. Its harbor, its coal and iron interests. A little further down on our left is Neville Island. This is the largest island on the upper Ohio, the whole is laid out and cultivated into beautiful garden farms and attractive homes. Next come the Duman's islands. On the right, rising high above the river, sits modestly perched upon the cliffs lovely Little Dismal, the home of so many of Pittsburgh's wealthy business men. Here the daylight began to fade and the twinkling lights of the night made their debuts—they twinkled and twittered and told the passers by that here is the glowing phase of that river scene of people, the "Reconnoiterers" who have answered to their satisfaction the affirmative that problematic question, which has been agitating the minds of the world, "Is marriage a failure?" On we pass to Beebe Island, Pa., thirty miles below Pittsburgh. Here the best race on boats of bottles and tumblers, for the manufacture of which Rochester is celebrated the world over, having the largest works of that kind in the United States. We now pass Cove Island, Hog Island, Montgomery Island, Falls Harbor, Phillips Island, Industry, Shipping Port and

Georgetown Island. Just below Rochester the Beaver river joins the Ohio, and it is here the government penitentiary, built also under the impetus of the waters of Lake Erie with those of the "La Belle river," which, if done, will prove to be one of the grandest and most useful enterprises ever undertaken.

Down the Stream.

On we go to Glasgow, on the right of the river, then we pass over to Georgetown on the left side of the river. The two towns are the last in the state of Pennsylvania and just over the state line of Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia, which is just forty miles from Pittsburgh. It will thus be noticed by the geography student that Pennsylvania occupies forty miles of bank on each side of the Ohio river, making eighty miles of river bank line in all.

We now pass down into the states of Ohio and West Virginia to Line Island, thence four miles down to East Liverpool, Ohio, which is celebrated the world over for the number and extent of its potteries. After rounding up a large lot of the ware for which this place is famous, and taking a new addition of pleasure seekers, we round out into the river and again continue our journey to Wells Village, Black Island, Newburg, Port Homer and Black Horse Island. We are now at Massena, one of the oldest towns in southern Ohio, and seventy miles below Pittsburgh. We make a short stop for passengers and down river freight, then pass on to Jefferson, Minnow and Warren on the Ohio side, and to Wellsburg on the West Virginia side, then down to Sister Islands, which are located in the middle of the river; thence to Martin's Ferry and Bridgeport on the Ohio side. From the latter place the boat crosses, passing above the Wheeling Island to Wheeling, West Virginia. Wheeling stands only second to Pittsburg in the number and extent of its manufactures, and ranks at the head of all American cities in the output of nails.

Leaving Wheeling, our journey is continued, and the beautiful panorama that each bend and curve in the river unfolds to the delighted gaze of all passengers on deck, seems more beautiful than the preceding one, until at last we lose sight of the fact that we are traveling on a river and wondering if it is not some beautiful highland lake (inter-spersed with little islands) upon which our steamer is plying.

Many Towns Touched At.

From Wheeling we pass down to Benwood and Kates Creek, then cross over to beautiful little historic Bellaire, Ohio, thence to Pittsburgh coal works, to Meigs, thence to Captina Island and Moundsville, West Virginia; then to Fish Island and over to the old town of Reebath, Ohio. We pass the towns of Clarington, Bearsville, Sardinia, Wilton, Cochransville and others on the Ohio side. Proctor, Martin's, Feden's Island, Williamson's Island, Sisters and Wells Island on the West Virginia side. Onward we go to Grandview and Grandview Islands, Matamoras, Grape Island, Middle Island, Newport; then to the Little Muskingum, all of which are on the Ohio bank. Friendly, Long Reach, Raven Rock, Wade, St. Mary's, Three Brothers Island and Williamsport on the West Virginia side.

There is no grander scenery to be viewed than is the scenery from Wheeling, West Virginia, to Marietta, Ohio, the highlands of the Hudson not excepted. Marietta is the oldest town in the Ohio valley, and it has an honored place in history. It is here the trials and troubles of the early settlers were experienced. It is here they builded seafaring ships and loaded them with the new country's products, and with the rise of the river floated them down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans and into the Gulf of Mexico; there both ships and cargo were sold. The ship under the new ownership was sent across the ocean, or used as a coasting vessel, never to return to the place of its birth. The builders and original owners returned either by crossing the country on foot, or by small skiffs easily handled on an up river trip. It was far easier to make the down trip in high water in the ship than to pull and row back in a small boat. It took months to accomplish the task. The Marietta people are among the finest and most intelligent in the country; they are proud of their history, and have good reason to be. They celebrated their centennial four years ago. We had the pleasure of being an eye witness to part of their performance, which were of the highest order.

It is at Marietta the Big Muskingum river adds its waters to those of the already widening Ohio. Our liberty-loving enthusiastic passengers bid a patriotic farewell to the place and its people, whose predecessors took such a pride and honor in the lights for the liberty which we now enjoy.

A run of twelve miles brings us to

Parkersburg, a growing and prosperous town, and already one of the most important places in the state of West Virginia. Here the Little Kanawha river comes tumbling down from its lofty mountain home to pour its yellow tide into the beautiful "La Belle," the Ohio. On our way from Marietta to Parkersburg we passed some of the most beautiful islands ever seen in water, some of which have been turned into fine landscape gardens and farms. Among the number are the Muskingum, Vine and Neal's, with numerous beautiful islands located upon them and the lofty river banks beyond.

Blennerhassett Island.

Leaving Parkersburg in the quiet of the evening, with the setting of a most brilliant sun, casting its glimmering reflections upon the waters between it and the boat, a long low island was seen, and as we rapidly approached it we were told by the obliging pilot that in charge (and who seemed to know every foot of land and water along the river's course), and ever ready to point out to us the various objects of his historical, as well as those of modern interest. He informed us that it was the celebrated Blennerhassett island, and whom of our readers has not read something of the sad story of the true-hearted Irish gentleman, who in the early days of our history, when all this fair land was a veritable wilderness, came here and built for himself a home, which was a second garden of Eden, and how the serpent, "Burr," entered it, as did that other serpent, which the Bible tells us, and left behind, as did the other, a trail of sin and shame. We were told to tell the story which is one of the saddest, yet one of the most interesting ever read, but can simply refer to it, and urge our boys and girls, who are reading the history of the United States, not to overlook this one of the most interesting parts of it. The ruins of the old castle home can yet be seen from the hurricane deck of the steamer. As we passed the historic island, the mellow shades of night gently fell upon the scene, the passengers went below, and as thoroughly did they find themselves lulled to sleep, the pleasure that they were not passengers but one of the great family whose sole aim was enjoyment. Tables were cleared away and amusements of various names were engaged in, to while the hours of night away.

We passed the Little Hocking, Berry,

Mustafa and Belle islands, then retired to our room. During the night the following points were made and passed on the Ohio side: Hockingport, Kadesville, Shade River, Portland, Burlington Island, Old Town, Apple Grove, Setartsville, Antiquity, Racine and Syracuse. On the Virginia side, Murrayville, Mandy, Pleasant View, Pleasant View, Willow Grove, Goose Island, Setart Falls, Hartford City, Mason City and West Columbia.

Daylight finds us at the long, rambling town of Pomeroy, Ohio, with its numerous salt wells. It is here that the great salt part of the salt used in the south and west is made, and a large freight is taken on for southern points. We pass on, making several stops during the day, among which are Middleport, on the Baltimore & Ohio, one of the greatest scenic roads in the country. We then descend to Point Pleasant, Virginia, situated at the mouth of the Great Kanawha river, which here lower its waters by mingling with those of the Ohio. We were invited to step ashore and partake of the early tea with friends while the boat was discharging and taking on freight. A deep shrill of the whistle and ringing of the bell told us that we must go on board. Adieu was said to the kind people of Point Pleasant, and on we passed in rapid succession of towns and islands, Gallipolis island being the first, the next was Racoon island, Apple Grove and Glenwood, on the Virginia shore, Cheshire and Addison, on the Ohio side. Our next stop was the old town of Gallipolis, then Proctorville, Guyandotte and Huntington. The latter named in the last town on Ohio's river shore in West Virginia. At this point the Guyandotte river enters the Ohio. We are now 310 miles below Pittsburgh, and subtracting the forty miles of Pennsylvania shore line on the south side of the river from the distance of 310 miles, gives Virginia a shore line along the south banks of the Ohio of 270 miles. On the opposite side, along the Ohio shore, we pass the following towns, after leaving Gallipolis: Chambersburg, Rush's mill, Swan creek, Crown City, Millersport, Massena, Proctorville, Bradrick's village and Burlington.

Into Kentucky.

Below Huntington, on the Virginia side, we have St. Cloud and Cerro. We now pass to the mouth of the Big Sandy river, on the Virginia side, aptly named, for it puts out more sand than it does water. We land at Cattedsburg and find ourselves within the confines of that grand old commonwealth, Kentucky, just celebrated for fine horses, good liquor and beautiful women.

Once again we move and soon find ourselves entering into the kingdom of coal and iron, the mighty monarchs which have such powerful control over our nation, interesting and important. A. Russell V. River and Greenup, Ky.; South Point, Petersburg, Ironton, Hanging Rock and Union Landing, Ohio, are filled and surrounded by iron furnaces and coal mines. We pass on to Junior Landing, Sciotoville and Portsmouth, Ohio, a large, thriving and prosperous city. Here the Scioto river enters into the Ohio, which from the ordinary sized stream we first saw at its birthplace in the western part of Ohio, midway between the north and south lines, then winding its way northeastward to the capital, Columbus, thence south into the Ohio, where it has grown into a mighty river, wide enough, if the government would only deepen it, to carry the commerce of the whole valley.

A blow of the whistle, a few strokes of the bell, then a splash of the wheel, and on we go, passing the following places on the Ohio banks: Walker's Landing, Buena Vista, Rome, Brush Creek, Wrightville, Manchester, Aberdeen and Ripley.

On the Kentucky side are Conococheague Island, Quincy, Vanderburg, Brush Creek Island, Karr, Concord, Manchester Island and Mayville. At the latter we made a stop for passengers and freight. Then to Dover, Augusta, Foster, California, Wineburg, Dayton, Newport and Covington, Kentucky; and on the Ohio side, Higginsport, Topia, Chito, Neville, Moscow, Point Pleasant, New Richmond, Palestine, the beautiful Coney Island resort, twelve miles above Cincinnati, then California and Columbus.

We are now at Cincinnati, what is rightly called the Queen city, of over 300,000 inhabitants. Here we remained for over a week sight seeing and studying. To attempt a description of the many and fine sights, the parks, gardens and various pleasure resorts of this city, would be beyond our power, and this hastily written article to admit of. We must content ourselves by saying there is no city in the west where a few days or weeks can be so pleasantly and profitably spent.

We will continue our trip from Cincinnati down to Cairo, thence to Memphis and return.

C. G. S.

VERITABLE BEE HIVE.

Merchant Tailoring and Gents' Furnishing Establishment of Strahan & Greulich.

Strahan & Greulich are one of the firms that are not complaining of quiet business. Their stores are always a veritable bee hive. Many are the reasons of this firm's success in business, but none have been more essential in bringing the firm to the front than the finely assorted stock of goods handled. In the merchant tailoring department a magnificent array of patterns are observed, all of which are desirable and of the latest styles. A gentleman wishing a stylish suit and a sure fit should not go elsewhere. Regarding the gent's furnishing goods, it is only necessary to say, no firm in the city has a larger or more complete assortment. All the latest fads and novelties in shirts, neckwear, collars and cuffs are exhibited. Strahan & Greulich pride themselves on their stock of ready made clothing. It merits an inspection.

BALLOON RACE TODAY.

Another Exciting Ascension at Popular North Park—A Large Crowd Expected.

The balloon race at North Park last Tuesday was an exciting and interesting event and formed a feature sufficiently strong enough to attract the largest crowd of people that at one time ever visited North Park. Prof. Dear and Prof. Currier were the contestants in this race, and the former aeronaut was victorious in the race. Smashing with defeat Prof. Currier again challenged his successful antagonist and another fight to the clouds has been arranged. The race will take place this afternoon at North Park. The same sized pure and same rules that governed the contest Decoration Day are to be followed in the contest of today. Lovers of an exciting episode should not fail to witness this aerial race. It is well worth going miles to see, and the race that will be held at North Park will be held in the quarters today of those in search of a cool, pleasant resort.

GENUINE is what the great reduction sale in hats, announced by Cori, Knott & Co. for this week is. The

prices will surprise the ladies, especially as every hat is very stylish.

The best meals at the lowest figures at the Western Beef and Provision Co. Special features are always offered Saturday.

The great balloon race today at North Park between Professors Dear and Currier. Do not fail to see it.

Ladies interested in the subject of fashionable house and street costumes, should not forget the sale at Miss A. Z. Straight's, Kendall block.

Travis' old curiosity shop is a great place. You can buy anything you want there. Try Travis and see for yourself.

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Paul Marin has leased the upstairs over the Cottage sample room for the manufacture of fine cigars.

Baby Cured Scall Head

Red Case. Two Doctors No Good. Tried Cuticura. First Set Helped. Four Sets Completely Cured.

Our baby Pearl was born Nov. 29, 1901. From her birth she had scall head until she was four months old, then it became worse and came out in small white pimples, and then spread to be large yellow scales. We tried two doctors, but they could not do it any good. So we tried CUTICURA REMEDIES, giving her a thorough washing three times a day, and then using the CUTICURA. The first set we tried helped her, and before we used four sets she was perfectly cured. At the age of six months our baby weighed thirty-four pounds. Her skin is fair and smooth, and scalp perfectly well. Fortunate indeed, I could not do from all pimples and blotches. I still use the CUTICURA SOAP, and always shall.

Mrs. BETTE JERB, Vanderbilt, Mich.

I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES for about two months, and the entire expense was but \$5.00, which no one would regret for a nice smooth skin. It left my face the best of complexion, free from all pimples and blotches. I still use the CUTICURA SOAP, and always shall.

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